

Good Morning 461

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Nippy's a proud Papa!

ILLUSTRATIONS to-day are pictures from Petty Officer Cyril Stringer. . . . Yes, better known to you as "Nippy." The picture comes with Nippy's greeting to men of the 12th Flotilla, and especially to Capt. Fell, Commander Sladen, and the party.

You've heard Nippy boast about his offspring often enough, so judge for yourself. "Good Morning" cameraman went to see him at 311 Littleton Road, Salford, and pictured Nippy (taking things easy at home for a spell) with wife, Sybil, and young Stanley, the apple of his eye. Stan's a grand big blond baby just short of nine months old, and is the old man proud!

Incidentally, we were puzzled by the nickname, so Nippy told us about when he entered the Navy via H.M.S. "St. Vincent" at the age of 14-years-11 months,

YOU may have heard a recent broadcast in which the Brains Trust discussed "perfect" murders. It was a pity that the B.B.C. could not get Sir Bernard Spilsbury in to say a few words. No other criminologist has solved so many front-page murder mysteries.

But I doubt if even the mighty men of Langham Place could have dragged Sir Bernard in front of the "mike." He detests the limelight, and photographs of him are about as rare as a hen's teeth.

"Spils," as he is known to the Bar and medical men, will probably never write the autobiography that millions of us have been waiting to read.

AND what a story it would be! Thorne, Seddon, Patrick Mahon, Robinson, Rouse, Joseph Smith—these are but a few of the smart killers trapped by Spilsbury's microscope.

I have seen "Spils" at work in court dozens of times, and would like to give you a close-up. He's well over six foot, hefty, and with a slight stoop. His eyes are ice-cold blue, and seem to X-ray you through the horn-rimmed glasses. On his way to court he changes his

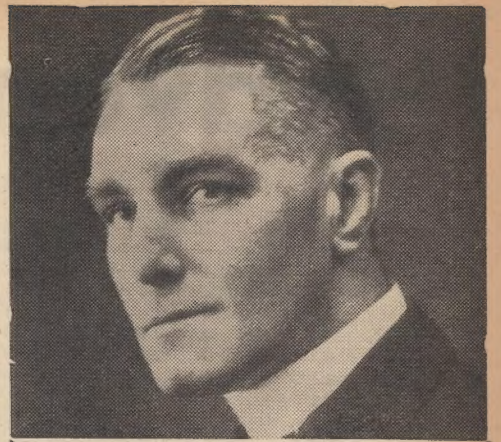
with the magnificent stature of 4ft. 11in. The name has stuck ever since then, but now, at 24 years and 5ft. 11in., and P.O. to boot, it is giving way to a new one . . . "The Fuehrer."

It's not all beer and skittles for Nippy at home. Sometimes, when available (and between licensed hours), Sybil puts him to work in the little shop which purveys fish, fruit, vegetables and poultry. He's good at that, too!

NO CRIME IS "PERFECT"

The Crook's True Test To-day

Says Stan Jackson



SPILSBURY, COLD, DETACHED

never see him in a "swank" hotel or giving Press interviews. The journalist who gets a story from "Spils" will have achieved what even Fleet Street has given up as impossible!

Sir Bernard is the complete cold, detached scientist. In the witness-box at some sensational murder trial he will calmly spread his little bottles and test-tubes before him, study his papers, and give his evidence in cool, matter-of-fact tones. More than one counsel has met his Waterloo at Spilsbury's hands. "I've told you," he says simply. The most experienced "silks" are floored by his phenomenal memory for scientific detail.

He had the scientific spirit forty years ago as an Oxford undergraduate. He nearly

killed himself in his rooms trying to study the effects of carbon monoxide at first hand. It was while studying at St. Mary's Hospital that his talent was noticed by Professor Pepper, the Home Office pathologist, whose assistant he became. One of his first murder cases was the Crippen drama, in which a tiny scar on a piece of skin tissue helped to hang the guilty man.

When Seddon poisoned his lodger with arsenic extracted from fly-papers, he reckoned without Spilsbury's deadly microscope. A dramatic feature of this case was that Seddon was visiting a friend in St. Mary's Hospital, London, and passed within a couple of feet of the lab. in which "Spils" was carefully examining the remains of his victim!

His case-books for the last quarter of a century are crowded with the names of killers who imagined that they had committed the Perfect Crime. Armstrong did not live long after Sir Bernard had found tell-tale traces of arsenic in the victim's liver.

Joseph Smith, the notorious "Brides in the Bath" killer, also reckoned without Spilsbury's amazingly sharp eyes. One of Smith's unlucky ladies was found dead in the bath with a cake of soap still clutched in her hand—a cunning touch to suggest that she had drowned during a faint.

Spilsbury soon convinced the jury that had Miss Mundy fainted the soap would have dropped from her relaxed fingers. Her grip on that cake of soap indicated that she had been conscious before she drowned and that her death was very sudden. Exit another killer!

Norman Thorne, the baby-faced murderer, also failed to convince a murder jury that his victim had died by hanging herself. Spilsbury found that the beam from which she was

said to have hanged herself was remarkably undisturbed. A cobweb on it was still intact! And the bruises on her neck didn't suggest death from hanging. But there were other marks on her body, carefully noted by Sir Bernard, that settled Mr. Thorne's hash.

When Alfred Rouse knocked out a stranger and set fire to the car containing his unconscious victim, he hoped to start a fresh life under a brand-new identity. Spilsbury's microscope spotted a human hair on a mallet and noticed other things suggesting that the victim had been alive but unconscious when the fire started. Rouse broke down several times as Sir Bernard "put nails in his coffin" in the witness-box.

Standing over his high table in a mortuary, and wielding his knife with astonishing speed, Sir Bernard has neatly dissected a hundred ingenious alibis. In one case he pieced together a murdered woman's shattered skull, and soon found the imprint left by a poker. No wonder they call him "The Man the Killers Fear"!

Naturally, he has made enemies. It is said that one day someone sent him a box of poisoned chocolates. Nor is that the only risk he has to run in the course of his duties. While conducting a post-mortem he became infected on one occasion, and it was several days before his life was out of danger.

Many of our coroners and doctors have benefited from his encyclopaedic knowledge of forensic medicine. He is a brilliant lecturer, cool and lucid. Lately he has been lecturing to senior detectives.

Surgery lost a brilliant performer when Sir Bernard decided to devote himself to pathology. But he has done an equally great job for humanity by helping the police to collar so many murderers.



ALL AROUND THE HOME TOWN

TWO Petty Officers got married at Maker Church, S.E. Cornwall, recently.

Bridegroom was P.O. Writer Kenneth Ride, of Redruth; bride, Petty Officer Iris Eileen Southern, W.R.N.S., who comes from Kingsand.

The couple met at the offices of the C-in-C., Plymouth, where they had been working together.

A third Petty Officer acted as best man.

TANDEM.

SIGHT of two naval lieutenants riding a tandem gladdened the eye at Mutley, Plymouth. They were on their way to the outfitters, where they parked their chummy velocipede alongside a very grand-looking U.S. naval car.

DRINK PARADISE.

FOR about a week during August the village of East Allington, South Devon, was regarded locally as the most fortunate in the country. The village had been one of

those evacuated for American battle practice, but came through undamaged.

The night the landlord of

the local opened up with a good stock of beer, only half-a-dozen of the inhabitants had returned.

The old regulars drank at their ease. They had put up with a lot through being turned out of their homes for nine months, but here was compensation.

A pub full of beer, and only a handful of customers to drink it!

FREE.

ONE night, while a Plymouth cinema was showing "For Whom the Bell Tolls," A.B. H. Jenkins had a pleasant surprise. Hauled out of the queue, he was presented with a free 3s. 9d. seat as the 50,000th patron during a record week.

Miss M. Orwen, of the Land Army, who accompanied him, also received a ticket with the manager's compliments.

NAVAL DEFEAT.

AT the River Yealm (South Devon) regatta, an inter-Services women's race was

organised for two oars and coxswain.

Three teams competed, two of "Wrens", and one of Land Army girls.

The result was catastrophic for the Navy, the landlubbers finishing the easiest of winners.

But things are not always what they seem. For the Land Girls were all locals and knew the river like the backs of their hands!

SPRAY.

SOME Land Girls on a farm near Newton Ferrers, South Devon, hit upon an excellent use for their stirrup pump.

They filled a bucket with whitewash, inserted the pump, and let drive with the sprinkler against the wall of a cowshed in need of a new coat.

The idea worked so well that in one afternoon they had completely whitewashed the interior of the building, which is big enough to hold twenty cows.



"And remember, Winnie, if Jerry makes a counter-invasion before I'm back, don't answer the door!"

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

It is not generally known that long before he lost his right arm Nelson had already acquired the ability to write with his left hand. He taught himself this because he had a secret premonition that his right would be injured.

Under Cromwell the inscriptions on English coins were in English. Never before or since has this occurred.

A two-headed snake, two feet long, was exhibited in the Bronx Zoo, U.S.A., a few years ago. Each head was fed separately, until one day one head ate the other and the snake died.

Adventures of an Ape-Man

PERFIDIOUS wretch! said the genie to the princess, pointing at me, is not this your gallant? She cast her languishing eyes at me, and answered mournfully, I do not know him: I never saw him till this moment. What! said the genie: he is the cause of thy being in the condition thou art justly in; and yet darest thou say thou dost not know him? If I do not know him, said the princess, would you have me make a lie on purpose to ruin him?

O, then, said the genie, pulling out a scimitar, and presenting it to the princess, if you never saw him before, take the scimitar, and cut off his head.

Alas! replied the princess, how is it possible that I should execute what you would force me to do? My strength is so far spent that I cannot lift my arm; and if I could, how should I have the heart to take away an innocent man's life, and one I do not know? This refusal, said the genie to the princess, sufficiently informs me of your crime. Upon which, turning to me, And thou, said he, dost thou not know her?

I answered the genie, How should I know her, that never saw her till now?

If that be so, said he, take the scimitar, and cut off her head. On this condition I will set thee at liberty; for then I shall be convinced that thou didst never see her till this very moment, as thou sayest thyself. With all my heart, replied I, and took the scimitar in my hand.

Do not think, madam, that I drew near to the fair princess to be the executioner of the genie's bar-

barity: I did it only to demonstrate by my behaviour, as much as possible, that as she had shown her resolution to sacrifice her life for my sake, I would not refuse to sacrifice mine for hers. The princess, notwithstanding her pain and suffering, understood my meaning, which she signified by an obliging look, and made me understand her willingness to die for me; and that she was satisfied to see how willing I was also to die for her.

Upon this I stepped back, and threw the scimitar on the ground. I shall for ever, says I to the genie, be hateful to mankind, should I be so base as to murder a lady like this. Do with me as you please, since I am in your power: I cannot obey your barbarous commands.

I see, said the genie, that you both outbrave me, and insult my jealousy; but both of you shall know, by the treatment I give you, what I am capable of doing. At these words, the monster took up the scimitar, and cut off one of her hands; which left her only so much life, as to give me a token with the other, that she bade me for ever adieu, and expired.

I then asked the genie why he made me languish in expectation of death. Strike, cried I; for I am ready to receive the mortal blow, and expect it as the greatest favour you can bestow.

Look ye, says he, how genies treat their wives whom they suspect of unfaithfulness: she has received thee here; and were I certain that she had put any farther affront upon me, I would make thee die this minute; but I will content myself to transform thee into a dog, ape, lion, or bird; take thy choice of any of these: I will leave it to thyself.

With that he laid violent hands on me, and carried me across the vault of the subterranean palace, which opened to give him passage. He flew up with me so high, that the earth seemed to be only a little white cloud; from thence he came down again like lightning, and alighted upon the ridge of a mountain.

There he took up a handful of earth, muttered some words which I did not understand, and threw it upon me. Leave the shape of a man, says he to me, and take that of an ape. He vanished immediately, and left me alone, transformed into an ape, overwhelmed with sorrow, in a strange country, not knowing if I was near unto or far from my father's dominions.

I went down from the height of the mountain, and came into a plain country, which took me a month's time to travel through; and then I came to a coast of the sea. It happened then to be a great calm, and I espied a vessel about half a league from the shore: I would not lose this good opportunity, but broke off a large branch from a tree, which I carried with me to the seaside, and set myself astride upon it, with a stick in each hand to serve me for oars.

I launched out in this posture, and advanced near the ship.

When I was nigh enough to be known, the seamen and passengers that were upon the deck thought it an extraordinary spectacle, and all of them looked upon me with great astonishment. In the meantime I got aboard, and laying hold of a rope, I jumped upon the deck.

The merchants, being both superstitious and scrupulous, believed I should occasion some mischief to their voyage if they received me: they therefore resolved to kill me. Some of them would not have failed to execute their design, if I had not got to that side where the captain was, when I threw myself at his feet, and took him by the coat in a begging posture.

This action, together with the tears which he saw gush from my eyes, moved his compassion; so that he took me into his protection.

The wind that succeeded the calm was gentle and favourable, and did not alter for fifty days, but brought us safe to the port of a fine town well peopled, and of great trade, where we came to an anchor.

Those merchants that believed they could write well enough to pretend to this high dignity, wrote one after another what they thought fit. After they had done, I advanced, and took the roll out of the gentleman's hand; but all the people, especially the merchants, cried out, He will tear it, or throw it into the sea; till they saw how properly I held the roll, and made a sign that I would write in my turn: then their fears turned into admiration.

I took the pen, and wrote, before I had done, six sorts of hands used among the Arabians, and each specimen containing an extemporized distich or quatrain in praise of the sultan. When I had done, the officers took the roll, and carried it to the sultan.

The sultan took little notice of any of the other writings, but considered mine, which was so much to his liking that he said to the officers, Take the finest horse in my stable, with the richest harness, and a robe of the most sumptuous brocade, to put upon that person

down in my seat in the posture of an ape.

The sultan dismissed his courtiers, and none remained by him but his chief of the eunuchs, a little young slave, and myself. He went from his chamber of audience into his own apartment, where he ordered dinner to be brought. As he sat at table, he gave me a sign to come near and eat with him: to show my obedience, I kissed the ground, stood up, sat me down at table, and ate with discretion, and moderately.

After dinner the sultan caused them to bring in a chess-board, and asked me by a sign if I understood that game, and would play with him. I kissed the ground, and laying my hand upon my head, signified that I was ready to receive that honour. He won the first game, but I won the second and third.

So many things appearing to the sultan far beyond whatever any one had either seen or known of the behaviour or knowledge of apes, he would not be the only witness of these prodigies himself; but, having a daughter, called the Lady of Beauty, to whom the head of the eunuchs then present was governor. Go, said the sultan to him, and bid your lady come hither; I am willing she should have a share in my pleasure.

The eunuch went, and immediately brought the princess, who had her face uncovered; but she was no sooner got into the room than she put on her veil, and said to the sultan, Sir, your majesty must needs have forgotten yourself: I am very much surprised that your majesty has sent for me to appear among men. How, daughter! said the sultan, you do not know what you say.

Sir, said the princess, that ape you see before you is a young prince, son of a great king: he has been metamorphosed into an ape by enchantment.

The sultan, astonished at this discourse, turned towards me, and spoke no more by signs, but in plain words, asking me if what his daughter said was true. As I could not speak, I put my hand to my head to signify that what the princess said was true.

Upon this the sultan said again to his daughter, How do you know that this prince has been transformed by enchantment into an ape? Sir, replied the Lady of Beauty, your majesty may remember that when I was past my infancy, I had an old lady waited on me: she was a most expert magician, and taught me seventy rules in magic, by virtue of which I know all enchanted persons at first sight: who they are, and by

whom they have been enchanted; therefore do not wonder if I forthwith relieve this prince, in spite of the enchantments, from that which hinders him from appearing in your sight what he naturally is.

When she had finished, and prepared the circle as she thought fit, she placed herself in the centre of it, where she began adjurations, and repeated verses out of the Alcoran. The air grew insensibly dark as if it had been night, and the whole world about to be dissolved.

The sultan and I expected nothing but death, when we heard a cry, Victory! victory! and the princess appeared in her natural shape, but the genie was reduced to a heap of ashes.

The princess came near to us; and, that she might not lose time, called for a cup of cold water, which the young slave, who had got no damage, brought her. She took it, and, after pronouncing some words over it, threw it upon me, saying, If thou art become an ape by enchantment, change thy shape, and take that of a man, which thou hadst before. These words were hardly uttered when I became a man, as I was before, one eye only excepted.

When the second calender made an end the third calender, perceiving it was his turn to speak, began his story.

(To be continued)

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



Our vessel was speedily surrounded with a number of boats, full of people; and among the rest, some of the officers came on board, desiring to speak with the merchants, in the name of the sultan.

The merchants appearing, one of the officers told them, The sultan, our master, has commanded us to acquaint you, that he is glad of your safe arrival, and prays you to take the trouble, every one of you, to write some lines upon this roll of paper; and that his design by this may be understood, you must know that he had a prime vizier, who, besides a great capacity to manage affairs, understood writing to the highest perfection.

This minister is lately dead, at which the sultan is very much troubled; and since he can never behold his writing without admiration, he has made a solemn vow not to give the place to any man but to him that can write as well as he did.

who wrote these six hands, and bring him hither to me. At this command the officers could not forbear laughing. The sultan grew angry at their boldness, and was ready to punish them till they told him, Sir, we humbly beg your majesty's pardon: these hands are not written by a man, but by an ape.

The officers returned to the vessel, and showed the captain their order, who answered, The sultan's commands must be obeyed.

Whereupon they clothed me with that rich brocade robe, and carried me ashore, where they set me on horseback, whilst the sultan waited for me at his palace with a great number of courtiers, whom he gathered together to do me the more honour. I found the prince seated on his throne, in the midst of the grantees. I made my bow three times very low, and at last kneeled and kissed the ground before him, and afterwards sat

QUIZ for today

1. A shive is a Moorish priest, vegetable, chip of enamel, bung, wasps' nest?
2. What is the difference between an auk and an orc?
3. What is a sea-purse?
4. Who ruled England between the death of Oliver Cromwell and the accession of Charles II?
5. What and where is the Matto Grosso?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pandur, Pando, Panada, Panda, Pander.

Answers to Quiz in No. 460

1. Plant.
2. (a) Flying-fish, (b) Seal, (c) Seagull, (d) Rock pipit.
3. 36.
4. Spain and Portugal.
5. (a) Psychology, (b) Electricity, (c) Astronomy.
6. Sarock.

JANE



WANGLING WORDS—400

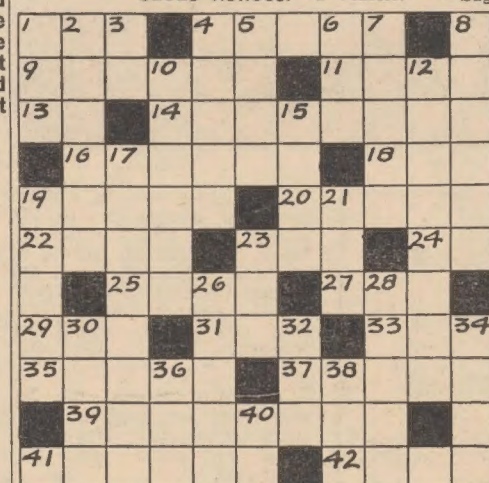
1. Put a hint in RESR and get a saver.
2. Rearrange the following letters and get four capital towns: CHOSTMOLK, TRIPE-OAR, BRENLOUME, BOOM-LOC.
3. In the following five metals the same number stands for the same letter throughout; what are they? B2577, 8206, 345D, 986, 7P43942.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: He's a bit of a cur, ranting like that from the housetop each time they fail to win.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 399

1. Sewer.
2. NECTARINE, MANGO, LOGANBERRY, APRICOT.
3. Ebony, Teak, Walnut, Mahogany, Beech.
4. Map-le, Plan-e, P-in-e.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Vehicle. 4 Sage. 9 At haphazard.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Removable top. 2 Dog. 3 Through. 4 Stable.
- 5 Another Welsh boy. 6 Admit. 7 Lowest point.
- 8 Most undiluted. 10 Shopkeeper. 12 Resolve made. 15 Eager. 17 Arrogant ones. 19 Much discussed. 21 Slender stick. 23 Bird. 26 Girl's name. 28 Apart. 30 Endorsement. 32 Throat-wrap. 34 Dam. 36 Interval. 38 Search furtively. 40 Doctor.

IMP MOPED F
NAOMI OKAPI
CROON LEVER
HILLOCK ITS
N TRUANT T
METER ASPS
O INSIST U
RUN LOCUSTS
ALIBI ORATE
STEER RENEW
S RESIN DEN

GREAT JEHOSEPHATH! HE-HE'S PUSHED THE PERFESSOR IN THE SEA!

C.229.

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU ARE ALL RIGHT?

YAS, I FEELS FINE...THE DAMES GIVED ME TIME TO GET ME HEALT' BACK

HE LOOKS SPLENDID. AND I WAGERED THREE HAMBURGERS AGAINST HIM

HARRY APE HAS A BOX OF PEPPER

PEPPER? DID YOU SAY PEPPER? I DON'T SEE ANY PEPPER?

74 WINSTON STREET,
THIS LOOKS LIKE
OUR DIGS!

IS THIS MRS
SHUFFLEBOTTOM'S
THEATRICAL
BOARDING
HOUSE?

'AN IT PLEASE
YOU, FAIR SIR,
IT IS!

PRAY TREAD THE
THRESHOLD OF OUR MOST
UNWORTHY ABODE!

EE! - GET OUT OF THE
WAY YOU BIG BABOON!
- THEY'LL THINK THEY'VE
COME TO MAD-OUSE!

AH'M MRS
SHUFFLEBOTTOM
AND AH'M REET GLAD
TO KNOW
YOU

ALL THIS IS OURS - NOW THE ROMANS HAVE LEFT BRITAIN!

FETCH SOME OF THEIR CHOICE FOODS, DAWN - I AM GOING TO WASH AWAY THE STENCH OF THE PIGSTY IN THE CENTURIONS' PERFUMED BATHS..

THE LADY KAREN!!

**GOOD MORNIN' SIR-
IS TH' CAPTAIN 'ERE? I
FORT I 'EARD 'IS
VICE**

**NO, MY MAN- HE
IS NOT- I WAS JUST
HAVING A WORD WITH
HIM ON THE 'PHONE**

**WELL?- AND WHAT DO YOU
WANT?- HEAD OFFICE
CLOSED CAPTAIN FFOULL'S
OVERDRAFT ON HIS OVER-
DRAFT LAST THURSDAY-
SO IT'S NO USE ASKING
FOR MONEY -**

**-AND YOU CAN TELL YOUR
MASTER- RE HIS ACCOUNT,
NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM
AND SO DOES THE BANK! -**

**LISSEN 'ERE, MISTER- I AIN'T
SCROUNGIN' FER READY!- I
GOT A CHEQUE 'ERE AS'LL
GIVE YER FIDDLIN' LITTLE
BRANCH INDEGHSHUY
FER A MUMF! -**

Kon. Richards

Good Morning

Wonder what Paramount's Susan Hayward is trying to camouflage with that swim suit? Correct caption for this picture is, of course, "What a Noble Horse!"



"I don't mind being caught in my cutty sark; I don't mind sitting around like this as one of a pair, but what gets me is when they call me sprog."

"Aw, cheer up, Choppers! It's almost time for our sippers, and then we'll be able to say 'Bottoms up' with a vengeance."



This England

Looking down into Seatoller, Borrowdale, in the lovely Lake District.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And all I said was 'Who's the party'."

